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HE THAT HATH AN EAR, LET HIM HEAR WHAT THE SPIRIT SAITH
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THE MORMONS.

A DISCOURSE DELIVERED BEFORE THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA,

March 26th, 1850,

BY THOMAS L. KANE.

"O quantus fervor omnium religiosorum in principio sue sancte institutionis fuit!"

De Im. J. C. I. 18.

(Continued from our last.)

The pauper Omahas were ready to solicit as a favour the residence of white protectors among them. The Mormons harvested and stored away for them their crops of maize; with all their own poverty they spared them food enough besides, from time to time, to save them from absolutely starving; and their entrenched camp to the north of the Omaha villages, served as a sort of breakwater between them and the destroying rush of the Sioux.

This was the Head Quarters of the Mormon Camps of Israel. The miles of rich prairie enclosed and sowed with the grain they could contrive to spare, and the houses, stacks, and cattle shelters, had the seeming of an entire county, with its people and improvements transplanted there unbroken. On a pretty plateau overlooking the river, they built more than seven hundred houses in a single town, neatly laid out with highways and byways, and fortified with breast-work, stockade, and block houses. It had too, its place of worship, "Tabernacle of the Congregation," and various large workshops, and mills and factories provided with water power.

They had no camp or settlement of equal size in the Pottawatamie country. There was less to apprehend here from Indian invasion; and the people scattered themselves therefore along the rivers and streams, and in the timber groves, wherever they found inviting localities for

farming operations. In this way many of them acquired what have since proved to be valuable pre-emption rights.

Upon the Pottawatamie lands, scattered through the border regions of Missouri and Iowa, in the Sauk and Fox country, a few among the Ioways, among the Poncahs in a great company upon the banks of the L'Eau qui Coule, or Running Water River, and at the Omaha winter quarters;—the Mormons sustained themselves through the heavy winter of 1846-1847. It was the severest of their trials. And if I aimed at rhetorical effect, I would be bound to offer you a minute narrative of its progress, as a sort of climax to my history. But I have, I think, given you enough of the Mormons' sorrows. We are all of us content to sympathize with a certain extent of suffering; but very few can bear the recurring yet scarcely varied narrative of another's distress without something of impatience. The world is full of griefs, and we cannot afford to expend too large a share of our charity, or even our commiseration in a single quarter.

This winter was the turning point of the Mormon fortunes. Those who lived through it were spared to witness the gradual return of better times. And they now liken it to the passing of a dreary night, since which they have watched the coming of a steadily brightening day.

Before the grass growth of 1847, a body of one hundred and forty-three picked men, with seventy wagons, drawn by their best horses, left the Omaha quarters, under the command of the members of the High Council, who had wintered there. They carried with them little but seed and farming implements, their aim being to plant spring crops at their ultimate destination. They relied on their rifles to give them food, but rarely left their road in search of game. They made long daily marches, and moved with as much rapidity as possible.

Against the season, when ordinary emigration passes the Missouri, they were already through the South Pass; and a couple of short day's travel beyond it, entered upon the more arduous portion of their journey. It lay in earnest through the Rocky Mountains. They turned Fremont's Peak, Long's Peak, the Twins, and other King Summits, but had to force their way over other mountains of the rugged Utah range, sometimes following the stony bed of torrents, the head waters of some of the mightiest rivers of our continent, and sometimes literally cutting their road through heavy and ragged timber. They arrived at the grand basin of the Great Salt Lake, much exhausted, but without losing a man, and in time to plant for a partial autumn harvest.

Another party started after these pioneers, from the Omaha winter quarters, in the summer. They had 566 wagons, and carried large quantities of grain, which they were able to put in the ground before it froze.

The same season also these were joined by a part of the Battalion and other members of the Church, who came eastward from California and the Sandwich Islands. Together, they fortified themselves strongly with sunbrick-wall and block-houses, and living safely through the winter, were able to tend crops that yielded ample provision for the ensuing year.

In 1848, nearly all the remaining members of the Church left the Missouri country in a succession of powerful bands, invigorated and enriched by their abundant harvests there; and that year saw fully established their Commonwealth of the New Covenant, the future STATE OF DESERET.

I may not undertake to describe to you in a single lecture the Geography of Deseret, and its Great Basin. Were I to con-

sider the face of the country, its military position, or its climate and its natural productions; each head, I am confident, would claim more time than you have now to spare me. For Deseret is emphatically a New Country; new in its own characteristic features, newer still in its bringing together within its limits the most inconsistent peculiarities of other countries. I cannot aptly compare it to any. Descend from the mountains where you have the scenery and climate of Switzerland, to seek the sky of your choice among the many climates of Italy, and you may find, welling out of the same hills, the Freezing Springs of Mexico, and the Hot Springs of Iceland, both together coursing their way to the Salt Sea of Palestine in the plain below. The pages of Malte Brun provide me with a less truthful parallel to it than those which describe the happy valley of Rasselas or the continent of Balnibarbi.

Let me then press on with my history, during the few minutes that remain for me.

Only two events have occurred to menace seriously the establishment at Deseret: the first threatened to destroy its crops, the other to break it up altogether.

The shores of the Salt Lake are infested by a sort of insect pest which claims a vile resemblance to the locust of the Syrian Dead Sea. Wingless, dumpy, black, swollen-headed, with bulging eyes, in cases like goggles, mounted upon legs of steel wire and clock spring, and with a general personal appearance that justified the Mormons in comparing him to a cross of the spider on the buffalo, the Deseret Cricket comes down from the mountains at a certain season of the year, in voracious and desolating myriads. It was just at this season, that the first crops of the new settlers were in the full glory of their youthful green. The assailants could not be repulsed. The Mormons, after their fashion, prayed and fought, and fought and prayed, but to no purpose. The "Black Philistines" mowed their way, even with the ground, leaving it as if touched with an acid or burnt by fire.

But an unlooked for ally came to the rescue. Vast armies of bright birds, before strangers to the valley, hastened across the lake from some unknown quarter, and gorged themselves upon the well-fatted enemy. They were snow white, with little heads and clear dark eyes, and little feet, and long wings, that arched in

flight "like an angel's." At first the Mormons thought they were new enemies to plague them; but when they found them hostile only to the locusts, they were careful not to molest them in their friendly office, and to this end declared a heavy fine against all who should kill or annoy them with fire arms. The gulls soon grew to be tame as the poultry, and the delighted little children learned to call them their pigeons. They disappeared every evening beyond the lake; but returning with sunrise, continued their welcome visitings till the crickets were all exterminated.

This curious incident recurred the following year, with this variation, that in 1849 the gulls came earlier and saved the wheat crops from all harm whatever.

A severer trial than the visit of the cricket-locusts threatened Deseret in the discovery of the gold of California. It was due to a party of the Mormon battalion recruited on the Missouri, who on their way home found employment at New Helvetia. They were digging a mill race there, and threw up the gold dust with their shovels. You all know the crazy fever that broke out as soon as this was announced. It infected every one through California. Where the gold was discovered, at Sutter's and around, the standing grain was left uncut; whites, Indians, and mustees, all set them to gathering gold, every other labor forsaken, as if the first comers could rob the casket of all that it contained. The disbanded soldiers came to the valley; they showed their poor companions pieces of the yellow treasure they had gained; and the cry was raised, "To California—To the Gold of Ophir our brethren have discovered! To California!"

Some of you have perhaps come across the half-ironic instruction of the heads of the Church to the faithful outside the Valley:—"THE TRUE USE OF GOLD is for paving streets, covering houses, and making culinary dishes; and, when the Saints shall have preached the gospel, raised grain, and built up cities enough, the Lord will open up the way for a supply of gold to the perfect satisfaction of His People. Until then let them not be over anxious, for the treasures of the earth are in the Lord's storehouse, and he will open the doors thereof when and where he pleases."—*II General Epistle*, 14.

The enlightened virtue of their rulers

saved the people and the fortunes of Deseret. A few only went away—and they were asked in kindness never to return. The rest remained to be healthy and happy, to "raise grain and build up cities."

The history of the Mormons has ever since been the unbroken record of the most wonderful prosperity. It has looked as though the elements of fortune, obedient to a law of natural re-action, were struggling to compensate to them their undue share of suffering. They may be pardoned for deeming it miraculous. But, in truth, the economist accounts for it all, who explains to us the speedy recuperation of cities, laid in ruin by flood, fire, and earthquake. During its years of trial, Mormon labour has subsisted on insufficient capital, and under many trials: but it *has* subsisted, and survives them now, as intelligent and powerful as ever it was at Nauvoo, with this difference, that it has in the meantime been educated to habits of unmatched thrift, energy and endurance, and has been transplanted to a situation where it is in every respect more productive. Moreover, during all the period of their journey, while some have gained by practice in handicraft, and the experience of repeated essays at their various halting-places, the minds of all have been busy framing designs and planning the improvements they have since found opportunity to execute.

The territory of the Mormons is unequalled as a stock-raising country. The finest pastures of Lombardy are not more estimable than those on the east side of the Utah Lake and Jordan River. We find here that cereal anomaly, the Bunch grass. In May, when the other grasses push, this fine plant dries upon its stalk, and becomes a light yellow straw, full of flavour and nourishment. It continues thus through what are the dry months of the climate, till January, and then starts with a vigorous growth, like that of our own winter wheat in April, which keeps on till the return of another May. Whether as straw or grass, the cattle fatten on it the year round. The numerous little dells and sheltered spots that are found in the mountains, are excellent sheep-walks; it is said that the wool which is grown upon them is of an unusually fine pile and soft texture. Hogs fatten on a succulent bulb or tuber, called the Seacoe, or Seegoe Root, which I hope will soon be naturalized with us. It is highly esteemed as a ta-

able vegetable by Mormons and Indians, and I remark that they are cultivating it with interest at the French Garden of Plants.

The emigrant poultry have taken the best of care of each other, only needing liberty to provide themselves with every other blessing.

The Mormons have also been singularly happy in their Indian relations. They have not made the common mistake of supposing savages insensible to courtesy of demeanor; but, being taught by their religion to regard them all as decayed brethren, have always treated the silly wicked souls with kind-hearted civility. Though their outlay for tobacco, wampum, and vermilion has been of the very smallest, yet they have never failed to purchase what good will they have wanted.

Hence, it happens, that in their land of promise, they are on the best of terms with all the Canaanites, and Hittites, and Hivites, and Amorites, and Gergashites, and Perizzites, and Jebusites, within its borders; while they "maintain their cherished relations of amity with the rest of mankind," who, in their case, include a sort of latest remnant of the primeval primates, called the Root Diggers. The Diggers; who in stature, strength, and general personal appearance, may be likened to a society of old negro women, are only to be dreaded for their exceeding ugliness. The tribes that rob and murder in war, and otherwise live more like white men, are, however, numerous all around them.

Fortunately, upon their marauding expeditions, and in matters that affect their free-booting relations generally, they all obey the great war chief of the tribe called the Utahs, in the heart of whose proper territory the Mormon settlements are comprehended.

If accounts are true, the Utahs are brave fellows. They differ obviously from the deceased nations, to whose estates we have taken it upon ourselves to administer. They ride strong, well-limbed Spanish horses, not ponies; bear well cut rifles, not shot guns, across their saddles, bows, and are not without some ideas of military discipline. They carry their forays far into the Mexican States, laying the inhabitants under contribution, and taking captive persons of condition, whom they hold to ransom. They are, as yet, at least, little given to drink; some of them manifest considerable desire to acquire

useful knowledge; and they are attached to their own infidel notions of religion, making long journeys to the ancient cities of the Colorado, to worship among the ruined temples there. The Soldan of these red Paynims, too, their great war chief, is not without his knightly graces. According to some of the Mormons, he is the paragon of Indians. His name, translated to diminish its excellence as an exercise in Prosody, is Walker. He is a fine figure of a man, in the prime of life. He excels in various manly exercises; is a crack shot, a rough rider, and a great judge of horse-flesh.

He is, besides, very clever in our sense of the word. He is a peculiarly eloquent master of the graceful alphabet of pantomime, which stranger tribes employ to communicate with one another. He has picked up some English, and is familiar with Spanish and several Indian tongues. He rather affects the fine gentleman. When it is his pleasure to extend his riding excursions into Mexico, to inflict or threaten outrage, or to receive the instalments of his black-mail salary, he will take offence if the poor people there fail to kill their fattest beeves, and adopt other measures to show him obsequious and distinguished attention. He has more than one black-eyed mistress there, according to his own account, to whom he takes love in her own language. His dress is a full suit of the richest broad-cloth, generally brown, cut in European fashion, with a shining beaver hat, and a fine cambric shirt. To these he adds his own gaudy Indian trimmings, and in this way contrives, they say, to look superbly, when he rides at the head of his troop, whose richly caparisoned horses, with their embroidered saddles and harness, shine and tinkle as they prance under their weight of gay metal ornaments.

With all his wild cut fierceness, Walker is perfectly velvet-paved to the Mormons. There is a queer story about his being influenced in their favour by a dream. It is the fact, that from the first he has received the Mormon exiles into his kingdom, with a generosity that in its limited sphere transcends that of the Grand Monarch to the English Jacobites. He rejoices to give them the information they want about the character of the country under his rule; advises with them as to the advantages of particular localities, and wherever they choose to make their settle-

ments, guarantees them personal safety and immunity from depredation.

From the first, therefore, the Mormons have had little or nothing to do in Deseret but attend to their mechanical and strictly agricultural pursuits. They have made several successful settlements; the farthest North, at what they term Brownsville, is about forty miles, and the farthest South, in a valley called the Sanpeeh, two hundred miles from that first formed. A duplicate of the Lake Tiberias, or Genezareth, empties its waters into the innocent Dead Sea of Deseret, by a fine river, to which the Mormons have given the name—it was impossible to give it any other—of the Western Jordan.

It was on the right bank of this stream, at a choice spot upon a rich table land, traversed by a great company of exhaustless streams, falling from the highlands, that the Pioneer band of Mormons, coming out of the mountains in the night, pitched their first camp in the Valley, and consecrated the ground. Curiously enough, this very spot proved the most favourable site for their chief settlement, and after exploring the whole country, they have founded on it their city of the New Jerusalem. Its houses are spread, to command as much as possible the farms, which are laid out in Wards, or Cantons, with a common fence to each Ward. The farms in wheat already cover a space greater than the District of Columbia, over all of which they have completed the canals, and other arrangements for bountiful irrigation, after the manner of the cultivators of the East. The houses are distributed over an area nearly as great as the City of New York.

They have little thought as yet of luxury in their public buildings. But they will soon have nearly completed a large common public store-house and granary, and a great-sized public bath-house. One of the many wonderful thermal springs of the Valley, a white sulphur water of the temperature of 102 deg. Fahrenheit, with a head "the thickness of a man's body," they have already brought into the town for this purpose; and all have learned the habit of indulging in it. They have besides a yellow brick meeting-house, 100 feet by 60, in which they gather on Sundays and in the week-day evenings. But this is only a temporary structure. They have reserved a summit level in the heart of the city for the site of a Temple far

superior to that of Nauvoo, wh'ch, in the days of their future wealth and power, is to be the landmark of the Basin and goal of future pilgrims.

They mean to seek no other resting place. After pitching camps enough to exhaust many times over the chapter of names in 33rd Numbers, they have at last come to their Promised Land, and, "behold, it is a good land and large, and flowing with milk and honey;" and here again for them, as at Nauvoo, the forge smokes and the anvil rings, and whirling wheels go round; again has returned the merry sport of childhood, and the evening quiet of old age, and again ear-house-pet flowers bloom in garden plots round happy homes.

It is to these homes in the heart of our American Alps, like the holy people of the Grand Saint Bernard, they hold out their welcome to the passing traveller. Some of you have probably seen in the St. Louis papers, the repeated votes of thanks to them of companies of emigrants to California. These are often reduced to great straight, after passing Fort Laramie, and turn aside to seek the Salt Lake Colony in pitiable plights of fatigue and destitution. The road, after leaving the Oregon trace, is one of increasing difficulty, and when the last mountain has been crossed passes along the bottom of a deep Canon, whose scenery is of an almost terrific gloom. It is a defile that I trust no Mormon Martin Hofer of this Western Tyrol will be called to consecrate to liberty with blood. At every turn the overhanging cliffs threaten to break down upon the little torrent river that has worn its way at their base. Indeed the narrow ravine is so serated by this stream, that the road crosses it from one side to the other, something like forty times in the last five miles. At the end of the ravine, the emigrant comes abruptly out of the dark pass into the lighted valley on an even bench or terrace of its upper table land. No wonder if he loses his self-control here. A ravishing panoramic landscape opens out below him, blue, and green, and gold, and pearl; a great sea with hilly islands, rivers, a lake, and broad sheets of grassy plain, all set as in a silver chased cup, within mountains whose peaks of perpetual snow are burnished by a dazzling sun. It is less these, however, than the foreground of old-country farms, with their stacks and thatchings and stocks, and the central city smoking from its

chimneys and swarming with working inhabitants, that tries the men of fatigue-broken nerves. The 'Californes' scream, they sing, they give three cheers, and do not count them, a few have prayed; more swear, some fall on their faces and cry outright. News arrived a few days since from a poor townsman of ours, a journeyman saddler, that used to work up Market street, beyond Broad, by name Gillian, who sought the valley, his cattle given out, and himself broken down and half heart-broken:—The recluse Mormons fed and housed him and his party, and he made his way through to the gold diggings with restored health and strength.

To Gillian's credit for manhood, should perhaps be cited his own allegation, that he first whistled through his fingers various popular nocturnal, street, circus, and theatre calls; but it is certain that, when my tidings speak of him, which was when he was afterwards hospitably entreated by a Mormon, whom he knew ten years ago as one of our Chester County farmers, he was completely dissolved into something not far from the hysterics, and wept on till the tears ran down his dusty beard.

Several hundred emigrants, in more or less distress, received gratuitous assistance last year from the Mormons.

(To be continued.)

THE IRRATIONALITY OF SCHISM AND DISSENT, OR THE ERRORS OF MODERN CHRISTENDOM.

BY JAMES F. BELL.

We will now enquire what was the constitution of the primitive church?

First, as to its Priesthood or Ministers, and the authority which they held; secondly, its doctrines and ordinances; and thirdly, its blessings and confirmatory gifts.

St. Matthew records that the Saviour authorised and sent forth Apostles.* St. Paul also states that there were set "in the church, first *Apostles*, secondarily *Prophets*, thirdly *Teachers*," &c. 1 Cor. xii. 28. Eph. iv. 11. These, then, were the ministers or priesthood of the primitive church, but the existing orders of priesthood among the denominations of the present day are very different; for instance, one order consists of first, a Pope; secondly, Bishops; thirdly, Priests; another order consists of, first, the Queen; secondly, Bishops, and so forth; thirdly, of itinerant and local preachers, class-leaders, &c. Since they differ from each other, and the primitive order, it is evident they have made such unauthorised innovations and changes as clearly distinguish them from that system which is emphatically *unchangeable*, and as two or more *different* things are, from the nature of the case *not identical*, so, for the same reason, the popular systems of the present day are not to be confounded with primitive Christianity.

* St. Matthew x. St. Matt. xxviii. 16—20.

The power and authority exercised by the apostles and others was such, that in the name of Jesus they could *remit and retain sins, cast out devils, heal the sick, &c. &c.*, but where do we find this power among the religious denominations of the day? With two or three exceptions it is universally denied as being unnecessary. With regard to the Roman Catholics, and others who profess to hold and exercise this power, I would say, that even were it really the case, their systems are in other respects so diametrically opposed to the institutions of Christ as to nullify in toto their claims to genuineness and divine authenticity.

With regard to the *doctrines and ordinances* of the Church, as by Christ established, I may state without fear of successful contradiction, that there is as much, or even more disparity between them and the institutions of modern Christendom, than there exists even upon the subject of priesthood. Formerly, the sinner was required to believe and repent *prior* to being baptized, but now this order is *reversed* and unconscious babes are sprinkled in the face, and when of a riper age are instructed to believe and repent.

The *mode* of Baptism has also been changed; for, both sacred and profane history abound in evidence, that the *immersion* of adults was the *original mode*; this fact is also acknowledged by many

learned theologians of high repute, among the denominations professing Christianity; but instead of "immersion," the general mode now adopted, is "sprinkling," while many have abolished the ordinance altogether. The laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost has met with a similar fate, for some reject it as an "obsolete" and "useless ceremony," while others have but vague ideas as to its import and necessity. The *Sacrament of the Lord's Supper*, and the *anointing of the sick*, have also been treated with indifference and neglect; by those who in this our day have assumed preaching as a profession, and by their *sordid practices* reduced it to a miserable trade.

The blessings and confirmatory gifts next claim our attention, and by referring to the New Testament, we learn that these signs were to follow them that believed. In the name of Jesus Christ they should "cast out devils, speak with new tongues, take up serpents, drink any deadly thing and it should not hurt them, lay hands upon the sick and they should recover." St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Corinthians, writes plainly upon the subject, stating that "there are diversities of gifts," and "differences of administrations," "but the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man" (that is, every faithful man) "to profit withall." To one is given the word of wisdom, to another the word of knowledge, to another faith, to another the gifts of healing, to another the working of miracles, to another prophecy, to another discerning of spirits, to another divers kinds of tongues, to another the interpretation of tongues. But all these worketh that one and the self-same spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will.

Now the sects of the present day, with one or two exceptions, not only lay no claim to the enjoyment of these gifts, but in their headlong career of apostacy and superstition, go even farther, for, with the utmost effrontery, and in the most positive terms, they deny their use and necessity. They argue, that because they have ceased from among the churches they are no longer necessary; but this is a miserable subterfuge, invented for the purpose of hiding the deformity and weakness of those systems which, while professing to be the institutions of Christ, are utterly destitute of the "Power of Godliness." Let the reader remember that these are

the promises of Christ, who spake the words of his Father, the Eternal and All-wise God; let him then call to mind the words of St. Paul, that "all the promises of God are yea and Amen." And if he can then believe the hireling priests of the present day, when they give the lie to both Christ and Paul, by denying their words, as recorded in the Scriptures, he may conclude that he is on the high road to infidelity, and half way toward practical Atheism.

In order to illustrate in a forcible manner the absurdity of the course adopted by the religionists of the present day in changing the institutions of Christ, we might picture to ourselves some saint of the former times resurrected from the dead, proceeding in the guise of a modern preacher to St. Paul's, St. Peter's, St. John's, or some other chapel, to obtain an interview with the ministers thereof. He would perhaps ask for an Apostle, Prophet, Patriarch or Elder; but would be informed that no such authorities were known there, although it was true they had the writings of some who lived and flourished centuries ago. The wisdom and learning of the present day were so great, that their divines had thought fit to introduce a new and unheard of priesthood quite different in name and nature from that of former times; for instance, they had now a Pope and Cardinals, Friars and such like, in one denomination; a Parson, Clerk and Curate in another, and so on.

Our incognito would certainly be surprised at this, but when he was informed that instead of baptizing penitent believers, they now sprinkled unconscious babes, his surprise would be still greater, and would be increased tenfold when he was informed, that infant depravity and eternal damnation were two of the most favorite and popular doctrines of the age: but when he was informed that they now worshipped a God without body, parts, or passions, and, that for the purpose of propagating those absurd and unscriptural doctrines, their preachers were hired like tradesmen for so much per year, his astonishment would be unutterable. His soul would be moved with pity at their sad condition, and he would desire the privilege of preaching to them; if he obtained it, which is exceedingly doubtful, he would preach unto them "Christ and him crucified," and so far he might pro-

ceed in peace, but when he attempted to declare unto them the nature of *genuine repentance*, and *baptism by immersion* for the remission of *sins*, exhorting their hired preachers to give up their salaries, and renounce their *immaterial* and *passionless* God, his doctrine would sound strange and new, for they had from their earliest infancy been so thoroughly traditionated in these erroneous ideas that they could hardly recognise truth when they heard it; indeed some would so far forget themselves that they would publicly call him an impostor and deceiver. The strange preacher would, however, continue to unfold to them the plan of former times, and to speak of the wonderful works of God which were made manifest among his people, he would declare unto them that some spake in tongues, some interpreted, some prophesied, others had visions, some healed the sick, and others obtained the visitations of holy angels. After he had shown forth the power and beauty of the ancient gospel, he would argue the necessity of the *same plan now*, by which the same gifts and blessings could be imparted as formerly. As he did so, some would wonder, others would believe, while a third class, consisting chiefly of hired preachers, would cry out fanatic! fool! madman! impostor! false prophet! and so on. But now picture to yourself my dear reader, their unutterable confusion and dismay, if the unknown preacher should forthwith declare himself the Son of God! We might imagine him bursting forth with language like this:—What! have ye so far erred and strayed from my ways, that my gospel and its gifts are disregarded, and counted as a strange thing? away ye workers of iniquity, ye rulers of the darkness of this world, who have caused my children to err with your vanities and lies.

Having shown that the systems of the day including Papists, Protestants, and all classes of Dissenters are materially different, in Priesthood some, in Doctrine others, from the Primitive Church of Christ and the Apostles; it follows that as they all deny any revelation authorising the change which has thus been effected by them they are all impostors or imposed upon; in either case their preaching and authority are merely human and therefore essentially imperfect and displeasing unto God: and consequently when they one and all declare that "the knowledge of the

true plan of salvation has continued among men from the days of Christ to the present moment," they utter a falsehood of the most glaring kind.

I will now endeavour to show forth the irrationality of another idea which is acted upon in this our day on a very extensive scale; and which has been, and still is productive of incalculable mischief; namely, that *any one who desires, may go forth and proclaim almost any doctrine he thinks proper, provided only that he sincerely believes it to be true: and that he is qualified to do so without receiving any appointment and heavenly ordination either directly or indirectly.*

Now it is a fact much to be lamented that man with all his sincerity is but a fallible and short-sighted being; and that in matters of faith particularly men entertain and teach a great variety of *opposite* opinions; but as opposites cannot both be true of the same thing at the same time, it is evident that some are propagating *fallacies and fictions*, under the impression that they are positive *truths and facts*. Yet, if *sincerity* be a sufficient salvo for their mis-directed zeal, they are not at all to blame, but have as much right to propagate error as they have to inculcate truth.

Wherever this principle is adopted, error will have more advocates than truth, and will more rapidly advance in the popular estimation; for, out of one hundred teachers of conflicting opinions, one only can be right; hence there will be ninety-nine on the side of error, and only one to advocate truth. This one will be subject to endless disadvantages, for the popularity will be so great, and the minds of its votaries so dark, that the grandeur of truth would be unperceived, and its value utterly unknown. He would have to encounter the prejudice which the teachers of error had excited in the popular mind, and to submit to insults and indignities of every variety. Yet, if he does so in patience, his labour of love will not be altogether in vain, for his example will effect what his preaching could not. The honest and ingenuous will admire his fortitude and zeal, their interest in the preacher will gradually increase, and they will ultimately espouse his cause.

The seeker after truth will suffer corresponding disadvantages; for, after hearing in succession the majority of the false teachers, and perhaps being deceived by

them, as he afterwards discovers, he will conclude that the object of his pursuit is either a phantom of the imagination, or else that it is utterly beyond his reach; hence, when the humble messenger of truth does really present himself, he will hardly condescend to hear his doctrine, thinking probably that he is a deceiver like the rest. Seeing then that *indiscriminate and self-assumed authority* neither develop truth nor accelerate its progress, but that on the contrary it gives currency to lies, and stamps error with a value and importance to which it has no claim; it follows that the idea is *irrational*, and therefore *untrue*.

Another very popular but equally erroneous idea entertained by the professors of the present day, is, that "any further revelations than those contained in the present canon of the Old and New Testaments are unnecessary; and that we have no reason to expect any more." But let me ask, if, as I have clearly shown, the knowledge of the true gospel has for many centuries ceased from among men, *how can it be restored again except by revelation?* and again, if *indiscriminate and assumed authority* be irrational and of demoralising tendency, *how can the necessary qualifications for a true minister of the true gospel be obtained except by revelation?* It is written "unto the wicked God saith, 'what hast thou to do to declare my statutes, or that thou shouldest take my covenant in thy mouth?'" These words seem to be especially directed to those who reject new revelation, and whom the Lord calls "wicked" for so doing; for the next verse reads as follows: "seeing thou hatest instruction, and castest my words behind thee." It is also written in another place, "how shall they preach except they be *sent*," and in another, "this honour no man taketh unto himself but he that is called of God *as was Aaron*." From these passages we learn that none should go forth to preach or minister in the ordinances of the gospel, until they are "*sent*" "*as was Aaron*"; now we understand that Aaron

was called by revelation through his brother Moses, for the Lord told Moses that he (Aaron) should be a spokes-man for him, and directed him to "speak unto him and put words in his mouth: the Lord even spoke unto Aaron, saying go into the wilderness to meet Moses, and all this was done that Aaron might be called and appointed in God's own way, namely, by revelation through one who already holds the priesthood. Hence, as none should preach except they be "*sent*," and none will be sent of God but in the same manner "*as was Aaron*," that is by revelation, it follows that *revelation is necessary for the appointment of preachers*, and will continue to be so, *so long as preachers are necessary*. It is further evident that those who *deny* new revelation are not sent of God, but by so doing they renounce the only channel by and through which they could be sent.

It is written that "*all shall know the Lord*" from the least even to the greatest: but in what manner must this knowledge be obtained? It is written, no man knoweth the father, but the Son, and he to whom the Son will reveal him; hence, during the great Millennium all who know the Lord will have obtained that knowledge by revelation, while on the other hand, those "*who know not God*" will "be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord." This unfortunate class of individuals must be those, who, by rejecting new revelation, were unable to obtain this knowledge, and who by *having instruction*, and "*casting behind*" them the word of the Lord, which was offered to them in their own day, became "*WICKED*" and therefore ripe for the judgment of the Lord. We read in the book of Amos iii. 7, "that the Lord will do nothing, but he *revealeth* his secrets to his servants the prophets." And again, Isaiah xxx. 9, 13, we learn that those who reject Prophets and Prophecy, are "*rebellious people, lying children*" whose iniquity shall be as a breach in a high wall "*whose breaking cometh suddenly at an instant*"

(To be continued.)

RACE OF JEWS IN CHINA.—The *North China Herald* announces the discovery of an interesting race of Jews in the interior of the country, 360 miles from Peking, by some missionaries of the London Society.

186 ITALIAN CORRESPONDENCE.—LETTER FROM ELDER STENHOUSE.

ITALIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM ELDER JABEZ WOODARD TO LORENZO SNOW.—THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS IN ITALY.

Italy, May 9th, 1851.

Dear President Snow,—I am still alive and able to climb mountains, if I cannot move them. I have baptized one more since I wrote. This makes 21 members, exclusive of those who are non-resident as Toronto, and yourself, and brother Stenhouse.

I have sent an elder to baptize at Pignerol, and if he has done his duty, he has at least baptized one. I have ordained in all two elders, one priest, and one teacher. I send these details in case you may require statistics for the conference.

We have had some thunderstorms lately. One that made the mountains re-echo the other night—I shall not soon forget. When the rain came through the roof, and dashed in big drops upon my face as I was laying in bed, I said to myself, "I am not so bad off now as the brethren, who have slept under a hedge."

I am, indeed, rejoiced to hear that elder Kelsey has got such lads at work. I am looking forward to such days in Italy. You would have laughed the other day to hear a dispute as to who I was. One said that I claimed an origin in the other world! Elder Malan, who was unknown by the parties, said that I was perhaps an angel. A gentleman, however, assured his friends, that I was Joseph Smith. I came up at the end of the discussion, and endeavoured to explain the origin of my faith, and not the origin of myself, which I thought a little too difficult for the occasion.

On Tuesday the 6th of May, I descended with a teacher from the mountains, above the chapel of St. Lorenzo. We rested for the night near the church of

Angevagna. The next morning we pursued our journey till mid-day, when we arrived at the house of a brother. He had told his family and friends that we were coming, although I had not told any one that it was my intention to pass that way; but said, He "The Lord made it known to me last night in my sleep."

After prayer and giving some teachings, we resumed our journey, and for three long hours we scarcely saw any thing but the winding torrent and barren mountains. We took lodgings for the night in a cottage which actually had glass in the windows. We accounted this a miracle, for it is something near a month since I slept where there was a pane of glass.

The next morning, however, May 8th, the snow fell abundantly in that elevated region, and I could not get warm till I got a small congregation, and warmed myself with preaching.

Two years ago an avalanche fell here, and crushed a house where there were eight persons. The youngest, an infant of 14 months, was unhurt; but the others were all killed. Another avalanche killed eleven persons, as they were returning from market.

One night a minister with his whole family was killed in a storm. The wind blew his house over the precipice, and the dog was the only living thing that escaped.

In this land of storms I have commenced sowing the good seed. May the Lord give an increase and to His name shall be the glory.

Yours affectionately,

JABEZ WOODARD.

LETTER FROM ELDER T. B. H. STENHOUSE.

PRESENT CONDITION, AND VERY ENCOURAGING PROSPECT FOR THE SPREAD OF THE WORK IN SWITZERLAND.

Southampton, May 17th, 1851. 26, Malbourn Street.

Dear President Richards,—The very great interest you have manifested towards the Italian and Swiss Missions, induces me to embrace the earliest opportunity of penning you a few lines, particularly in relation to Switzerland, and the

prospect of establishing the Gospel of our Redeemer in that country

As the ITALIAN MISSION, from the pen of my esteemed President, and the recent communications from Elder Woodard is now before the public, I deem it superfluous to say one word more on that Mission. My heart is filled with gratitude to my Heavenly Father for the great and manifold blessings which have followed the organization of His Kingdom in that country, through the wisdom of one of His chosen Twelve.

During my sojourn in Switzerland, I have been principally in Geneva, or, what is called in religious circles, "Protestant Rome." When it is remembered that in this city, John Calvin, and other celebrated sectarians spent the best of their lives, it will not be a matter of surprise if the doctrine of *New Revelation* be counted a strange thing. Since Elder Snow visited and left his blessing on the place, investigation has increased day by day. His writings are spreading among all classes. I may say, with confidence, there is not a minister, Protestant, Catholic or Methodist of any shade or colour in Geneva, but is more or less acquainted with "Mormonism" and Lorenzo Snow.

A few days before I left, I had the satisfaction of listening to an exposé of "Mormonism," by the Rev. Mr. Guers, a Methodist. I felt so truly thankful for his kindness, that I could not refrain from testifying my gratitude, by distributing among his congregation Elder Snow's "Ancient Gospel Restored," with a polite request to read still further on the same subject! At the close of this interesting meeting, another more select was held, when about thirty persons (including seven parsons) sat down to tea, that they might, over a social cup, discuss the best means to prevent the spread of Mormonism. It would seem that under the inspiration of "Congou," "Souchong," or perhaps a little "Mixed," they discovered that they had given us more notoriety in one night, than what might have been accomplished by our own efforts for some months; consequently, they resolved to go no further in opposition, and finished by reading a chapter of Paul to the Galatians, and a "lovely pious prayer," that the people might be delivered from that which threatens to turn the world upside down.

Through this exposé of *Parson Foolishness*, the eyes of my landlord were opened to behold the work of God. In a few days afterwards he sought baptism. The day I left Geneva, I ordained him to the holy office of an Elder. This brother speaks the French and German fluently; I pray that he may be an instrument in the hands of the Lord in doing a great work among that people.

So far as the religion of Switzerland is concerned, it is a poor thing indeed. Division among them is as common as in England. A great number prefer infidelity to sectarianism, but by far the greater portion care nothing about either the one or the other. A social republick seems the idol of their eyes. I live in hopes, when the Book of Mormon, and the writings of the Twelve are before them in their own language, that many will be turned unto the Lord and His Kingdom. The great number of foreigners who pass through Geneva annually have rendered the hearts of the people a little indifferent to a stranger. This fact coupled with the remains of cold and freezing Calvinism is a barrier to preaching from house to house. It is quite a proverb. No man ever knew a stranger invited to the house of a Genevese.

In the Swiss cantons, French, German, and Italian are spoken. In the course of a little time when Elders Taylor and Snow will have ushered into the world the Book of Mormon in those languages, I believe a great work will be done in Switzerland to the honor and glory of Israel's God. A German gentleman, who has been captivated with Elder Snow's writings, has promised to put them in German as soon as possible.

In concluding, I cannot but express the deep obligations that I feel to President Snow for the paternal care which he has ever shown to myself and fellow laborers.

May the heavens continue to pour their choicest blessings upon his head, that he with yourself, and all the members of your honorable Quorum, may be able to extend to the utmost bounds of the earth, the knowledge of life and salvation.

Accept the kind love of myself and partner, and believe me ever to remain,

Yours affectionately,

T. B. H. STENHOUSE.

The Latter-day Saints' Millennial Star.

JUNE 15, 1851.

Our readers will recollect that No. 7 contained an extract from a new work about to be published by Elder Lorenzo Snow. This work is now published, and contains a very interesting account of the commencement and progress of the Everlasting Gospel in Italy, and its introduction into Switzerland. It is entitled "The Italian Mission," and contains twenty-eight pages of the same size as those of the *Stars*; price, threepence each, or 25s. per hundred, wholesale; threepence halfpenny to branch agents; and fourpence each, retail. All orders to be addressed to Lorenzo Snow, 35, Jewin Street, City, London.

THE Presidents of Conferences will please forward us a list of the names and addresses of the Perpetual Emigration Fund treasurers, for the several branches constituting their conferences, as soon as they can consistently.

LETTER FROM ELDER WILLIAM HOWELL.

A PLEASANT PASSAGE FROM LIVERPOOL TO NEW ORLEANS, IN ABOUT FIFTY DAYS.—FIFTY ADDED TO THE CHURCH BY BAPTISM ON THE OLYMPUS.—TWENTY-ONE BAPTIZED IN THE OPEN SEA, FROM A STAGE LET DOWN BY THE SHIP.—MEETINGS OF THE SAINTS ON BOARD.—FACILIAN KINDNESS OF THE CAPTAIN.—GENERAL INCIDENTS OF SHIP LIFE, &c.

New Orleans, April 27th, 1851.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads, they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

The purposes of Jehovah are all yea and Amen, in Christ Jesus our Lord. The above precious promise has been literally fulfilled in our pleasant voyage Zionward across the great Atlantic ocean.

On Monday, March 4th, the splendid ship *Olympus*, left her moorings in the docks, for to anchor in the river, previous to the commencement of her racing course over the billows of the mighty ocean. This spectacle drew not the multitude together, not being so congenial to the Spirit of this world as that of the Olympian games. Yet, we have reason to believe that the eye of the Host of Heaven was upon us for good in answer to the prayers of thousands of our brethren throughout the British isles, "that we should prosper, and have the winds and waves controlled in our favor."

Tuesday 5th. When the great coursers of heaven reached the meridian, the beautiful *Olympus* with her white sails spread forth to catch the healthy ocean breeze, commenced her course with flying speed of 200 miles per diem, having besides her cargo about 250 jewels, as lively stones for the building up of Zion on the sides of

the north, that the Lord may appear in his glory. We also enjoyed the company of about 60 fellow-passengers, kind and benevolent, who, in seeing the love, order, and harmony, that prevailed, were ready to ask with the prophet of old, "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?" I could not help interrogating myself, also, with the same question, "Who are these," &c., from the grey-headed sage and dames, full of life and vivacity, down to the innocent babe. In taking a retrospective view of the company of brothers and sisters enjoying themselves on deck on a fine morning, the sun being veiled with a thin atmospheric covering, made the balmy breeze sweet, healthy, and temperate, with the great span of ethereal blue, dancing billows pleasing to the sight, extending around us for miles, the ship steadily running her course Zionward, the helmsman keeping her bows in a direct line with the setting sun. On the poop I observed a number of our young brothers and sisters listening with attention to an instructive lecture on the science of grammar, delivered by old father Waddington, who, Diogenes-like,

at in the midst of his pupils, asking them various questions, to engrave this important part of education more deeply upon their memories.

The whole length of the deck being crowded with interesting groups worthy of an artist's pencil: in one place I observed one of the young sisters teaching others the art of knitting lace in various patterns; opposite, on the larboard side of the vessel, a number of mothers amusing their little ones, at the same time conversing with one another with grateful hearts, about the goodness of God, in delivering them with their families from the confusion and poverty of Babylon, that often caused their hearts to fail within them, but now going to their homes in Zion, containing peaceful habitations, sure dwellings and quiet resting places, where God has promised "abundantly to bless her provision, satisfy her poor with bread, clothe her priests with salvation, and cause her saints to shout for joy." The brethren in various groups here and there, some singing, some reading the Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, *Millennial Stars*, Voice of Warning, Spencer's Letters, with brother O. Pratt's profound philosophical works, &c., a library more valuable in the estimation of the Saints than all the gold of California. If this should reach the eyes of any not in the Church, and if they should doubt this statement, let them peruse the WHOLE of these invaluable books, and I doubt not, let their prejudice be ever so great, by the time they are read all through, that with hardly an exception, all must come to the same conclusion. But I exclude all those who gain a livelihood wholly or in part from their religious services. Some families in groups partaking out of various dishes of sweet food, well seasoned with hunger, for the sea appetite is sharp; the little children taking up with spoons their food from tin plates, and in chewing looking up to the faces of their parents with lamb-like innocence, just as if they said, "we are happy, indeed." One boy said, "Father, we must not leave this vessel, for we have plenty to eat here." The evening shades of darkness caused all to retire to their berths, on each side of our extensive bed-room, about thirty yards long by eight wide, containing about 300 devotees of Morpheus, but this night he received little attention, for Boreas, by 10 p.m., caused,

under a covering of darkness, one of his light artillery to go forth in sharp breezes, causing the rippling billows to increase into wild mountainous waves, that caused the ship to tremble, shake, crack, and rock from side to side, like a drunken man. The Saints being novices in sea life, the sight and circumstances were new to all. The raging and roaring of the boisterous elements, with the noise of falling and rolling tins and bottles caused not the least confusion or fear in the bosoms of those who have been truly likened to Mount Zion. A few of the most lusty brethren soon gathered all together, and having lashed them with ropes, they returned to join the sweet voices of the young men and maidens who had been cheering them and us with lively songs of Zion, and through that night the dancing billows played their various antics to the sweet music of songs of joy, praise, and thanksgiving, that rose as sweet incense of faith and confidence in the Great Redeemer, the mighty governor of the boisterous elements.

Sundays. One of our brethren from Scotland compared our religious services on this day to the conferences held in England. We have the morning and evening prayer-meetings on deck, also the preaching services, when five or six of the brethren deliver short important discourses; Saints meeting in the afternoon, baptizing, confirming, blessing of children, partaking of the elements of the Lord's Supper; the interesting testimonies borne by the brothers and sisters; the exercising of spiritual gifts for the edification and exhortation and comfort of the Saints, such as prophecy, tongues, interpretation, praying with the Spirit and with the understanding, teaching the Saints important principles in connection with their present prospects and future usefulness in the kingdom of God, until the evening shades of night informed us of the propriety of retiring to rest. Spending the first day of the week thus with life and diligence in the work of God, prepared us for further exercise of usefulness through the other six days in the following manner: daily prayer-meetings, morning at 10, evening at 9; daily school for the children of fellow-passengers, as well as those of the Saints, to learn the rudiments of the English and French languages; evening lectures at 5 p.m., the congregation sitting around the lecta-

rer, on the deck floor, the subjects being various, such as astronomy, geography, agricultural improvements, conversational meetings to refresh the mind with history, themes, essays, &c., a grammar school, preaching meetings; giving out the excellent provisions provided for us by the President in the British Isles, fully sufficient, (with the addition of a few potatoes) and in quality no one desired better. Giving out the daily allowance of water, which continued pure to the end of our voyage. Cooking carried on in the galley by three of our brethren, in turns of four hours each, all vessels looked in order as brought up, and sat down without any partiality to the Saints more than our fellow-passengers, cleaning operations, amusing ourselves in various ways in the exercise of the body, and all things put together kept us in full employment, (we had no idle time for finding faults, backbiting, quarrelling, &c.) tending to make us truly a pleasing picnic party of pilgrims on their way Zionward in merry mood.

My beloved counsellors brothers T. Bradshaw, T. Smith, J. Lindsay, and W. Henshaw, have gained the affection of the Saints by their unceasing labours of love to all; the many excellent discourses delivered by them and other brethren, caused the captain, officers, crew, and fellow-passengers, to honour and respect us, and show us kindness in various ways. Never shall we forget the captain of the *Olympus*. His comprehensive knowledge of navigation, his sober deportment, the attention paid to the discourses, the enquiries made about our principles, his persevering spirit in reading our books, the attention given to our health and comfort, his alacrity and willingness in throwing overboard a stage for baptising, his erecting our pulpit with his own travelling box, and carrying out of the cabin chairs and benches to decorate our deck, Olympic synagogue, &c. Such conduct caused us all to pray earnestly that Jesus, the captain of our salvation would be pleased to bless the captain of the *Olympus*, and his good hearted crew.

On the quiet evening of the —th inst., the young brothers and sisters having formed themselves into two ranks, under the superintendence of our excellent brother, S. Reed, singing our interesting baptismal hymns, when twenty-one candidates fell upon their bended knees, and joined with us in prayer previous to their

being baptized for the remission of their sins. I cannot well describe to you the joyful feelings of all present, seeing so many fathers and sons, and daughters, and sailors, passing through the singing ranks one after the other in returning from their water baptism.

"Jehovah saw his darling Son,
And was well pleased in what he'd done,
And own'd him from the skies."

The same Lord smiled upon us, for many were the tokens we received of His approbation, and of rejoicing in the presence of the angels of God. The following day, at 3 p.m., we enjoyed a happy confirmation meeting, when twenty-one ranked themselves in order, that the elders of the church might lay hands upon them in the name of the Lord Jesus, to receive the gift of the Holy Spirit, and we all felt to sing,

"Behold thy sons and daughters, Lord,
On whom we lay our hands;
They have fulfill'd thy gospel word,
And bow'd at thy commands."

"O, now send forth the heav'nly dove,
And overwhelm their souls,
With peace and joy, and perfect love,
As lambs within thy fold," &c.

You will forgive me for being so poetical, for I can assure you the time was a time of inspiration.

Our fellow-passengers feel so happy with us, that they often testify they shall write to England to their friends in all parts, desiring them, if they emigrate to America, to be sure to come with a company of Latter-day Saints, for they say, with the captain and crew, "We never before saw such a people as these Mormons." Who are our persecuting enemies, that speak all in a manner of evil falsely against us? are they not strangers that know us not, the precepts, doctrines, and principles we preach and practice, the moral and godly deportment of the tens of thousands of the members of the Church, the patience and love displayed in their conduct when persecuted and made to suffer in character, property, and liberty? in truth, the virtue of our holy religion, and the conduct of our members, are not known to our enemies, who in all their opinions and conclusions about us, are guided by as false reports as those circulated about the Redeemer himself. Oh! that they would be wise, and get our books and read them,

so that they might truly know the nature of the Mormon fountain of life, truth, and intelligence, and not stamp their character for ever, by continually acting the part of the fool described by Solomon, "judging a matter before it is known."

I have not seen finer young men, calculated to do more good in carrying the Gospel to the nations of the earth, than some of the sailors, and young men baptized. They testify that they feel to rejoice in the thought that the Lord may some day, in foreign nations, make them instrumental in warning the inhabitants by the power of the Spirit, of sin, righteousness, and judgment. One fine sailor stated that "Mormonism" revived him as a sail-

or; "for (says he) before I was baptized, I was afraid to go up the rigging, lest I should fall down and be sent to hell for my sins." I have nothing to say about fevers, plagues, quarrellings, &c., of such we know nothing; we lived in another element that produced joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, against such, I believe, you will find no law. The effect of such exemplary conduct in this company, has tended to the conviction and conversion of fifty, who have been added to the branch in this vessel by baptism, &c. Two deaths of infants, one birth.

With respect, your brother in the Lord,
WM. HOWELL.

MORE OF THE PRECIOUS THINGS OF JOSEPH'S LAND.

QUICKSILVER MINES OF CALIFORNIA.

(From the Placer Times.)

It is very generally known that quicksilver mines have been worked to some extent for many years in California, but until since the discovery of gold, but little attention has been bestowed upon them. For some months past quicksilver has been offered in our market, known as coming from the New Almaden mines.

The principal mines in California are the Guadalupe and New Almaden, and are situated in the same neighbourhood, some four miles distant from each other. These mines are about eight miles from San Jose, and can be reached by a good road at all seasons of the year.

We are told that the mines are now worked extensively, the produce amounting to several millions of dollars the present season, and that the yield from the ore is almost past belief. Eighty-five per cent. of pure mercury is not an uncommon yield.

Quicksilver, in working the silver mines of Mexico and South America, has heretofore been required in large quantities, but its high price has tended to stop the working of many productive mines; but it is believed that the California quicksilver mines will, when fairly opened, furnish a supply sufficient to induce operations throughout Mexico and South America upon an extensive scale. The silver mines which have been abandoned, it is presumed, will be re-opened, and with profit to the owners. Quicksilver can be

furnished for one-half the price for which it has usually been sold, and still leave a large profit for those who work the California mines, if we have been informed correctly. This will at once open to commerce the silver mines which have been closed; and in addition to the gold mines of California, we shall have from another source the means to stimulate the commerce which is growing up on the Pacific coast.

MOUNTAIN OF CARBONATE OF MAGNESIA.

(From the Pacific News, Feb. 15.)

The resources of California are not confined to the precious metals alone; there is a vast extent of country, of which nothing is said, that will develop, in time, new avenues of wealth. After crossing the Sierra Nevada, in latitude between forty-one and two, (if memory serves,) the descent to Goose Lake is through a pleasant valley of about ten miles in length, abounding in springs and meadows. About a mile below where the lake is approached from the east is the first outcrop of slate and quartz, with an auriferous country around. Near the southern extremity of the lake is a most beautiful ledge of serpentine rock. The strata is horizontal, and the green and grey shading is delicately blended, and the lines almost as perfect as if they had been traced with the artist's pencil.

On Pitch (or Pitt) river, the principal affluent of the Sacramento, which flows through a charming valley, and about five days' journey from Goose Lake, there is a